Chapter 478: Resurrection of the Monarchs

The vast expanse of the Godverse shimmered under the weight of Sung Jin-Woo's unmatched divinity. The Third World Tree swayed gently, its branches covering the entirety of the celestial realm. Beneath its colossal roots, where ancient secrets were buried, lurked Nidhogg-a monstrous entity born from primordial darkness. The eight-headed beast had long parasitized the First World Tree, feeding on its essence like a parasite.

It was time for its reign to end.

Standing atop the Dominion Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo gazed down at the abomination. His eyes gleamed with golden brilliance, filled with both resolve and disdain. Without uttering a word, he extended his hand, the Scepter of Dominion appearing within his grasp, shimmering with absolute power.

With a single gesture, waves of divine energy rippled across the Godverse. Light and shadow intertwined, forming an iridescent blade of destruction. In one sweeping motion, Sung Jin-Woo descended from the heavens, slicing through Nidhogg's writhing heads. The beast roared in agony, its monstrous voices echoing across existence.

Each severed head exploded into dark ash, dissolving into nothingness. The primordial darkness that had festered within the First World Tree was cleansed by Sung Jin-Woo's divine will. The monstrous parasite was no more.

Satisfied with his victory, Sung Jin-Woo ascended back to the Dominion Citadel, his mind turning to a new endeavor. Despite his limitless power and unmatched authority, boredom gnawed at the edges of his consciousness. The Godverse was orderly, peaceful, and serene-perhaps too much so.

A mischievous spark flickered in his eyes.

He decided it was time to experiment with the souls of those who had once been his greatest enemies: the seven fallen monarchs who had waged war against the realms.

"Let's see what happens when chaos is given purpose," Sung Jin-Woo murmured to himself.

Using his omniscient senses, he located the fragmented souls of the former monarchs scattered across the void. With a wave of his hand, he summoned seven flesh golems, each crafted with divine precision. These towering vessels were indestructible, imbued with limitless vitality and strength.

One by one, the souls of the monarchs were drawn into their new bodies:

Baran, the former Monarch of White Flames and King of Demons, whose fiery wrath had once scorched entire realms.

Rakan, the feral Monarch of Fangs and King of Beasts, whose primal savagery had terrified even the bravest warriors.

Sillad, the icy Monarch of Frost and King of the Snow Folk, whose frozen dominion had turned countless worlds to ice.

Tarnak, the indomitable Monarch of the Iron Body and King of Monstrous Humanoids, who had been a living fortress of power.

Legia, the enigmatic Monarch of the Beginning and King of Giants, whose strength was said to rival that of gods.

Querehsha, the venomous Monarch of Plagues and Queen of Insects, whose swarms had brought death and disease to countless realms.

Yogumunt, the twisted Monarch of Transfiguration and King of Demonic Spectres, who had bent reality to his will.

The eighth monarch, Antares, the Monarch of Destruction and King of Berserk Dragons, needed no golem. His soul already resided within the body of Kamish's descendant, a red dragon whose lineage traced back to legendary times.

The seven resurrected monarchs blinked into awareness, their luminous eyes flickering with confusion and fury. They recognized Sung Jin-Woo immediately, the very being who had shattered their ambitions and cast them into oblivion.

"You..." Baran growled, flames flickering from his mouth. "Why have you brought us back?"

Sung Jin-Woo's lips curled into a faint smile. "Because I can."

The monarchs glared at him, their hatred palpable. But as they tried to surge forward, their bodies froze, bound by Sung Jin-Woo's divine will.

"I'm not worried about revenge," he said casually. "You can't defeat me. You never will. But I thought you might find some... purpose here."

With a wave of his hand, the fabric of reality tore open, revealing the Eternal Battlefields' Realms-a series of endless planes where war raged without end. Towering mountains, vast deserts, and blood-red skies stretched infinitely across the horizon.

"You will fight here for eternity," Sung Jin-Woo declared. "Against my angels, dark angels, and each other. You can kill and be killed as much as you like-you'll always be revived."

The monarchs' expressions shifted from anger to disbelief.

"Why?" Sillad, the frost monarch, asked coldly.

Sung Jin-Woo shrugged. "Boredom, mostly."

With a final gesture, he cast the seven monarchs into the Eternal Battlefields' Realms.

The battles that followed were legendary. The monarchs, fueled by unyielding tenacity and rage, clashed endlessly against Sung Jin-Woo's divine forces. Two-to-four winged angels and dark angels, wielding celestial and abyssal powers, descended upon the monarchs with relentless precision.

Despite their overwhelming power, the angels and dark angels never lost. The monarchs were strong, resilient, and cunning-but they were no match for the divine might of Sung Jin-Woo's forces.

Yet the monarchs never backed down. They rose again and again, undeterred by countless defeats. Their will to fight burned brighter with each resurrection.

Baran roared as flames engulfed a host of angels, only to be struck down by a radiant spear wielded by an angelic general. Querehsha unleashed a swarm of venomous insects, only for Azrael, the archangel of death, to eradicate them with a single sweep of his scythe.

The battlefield became a symphony of chaos and destruction-a never-ending war orchestrated by Sung Jin-Woo's will.

From the Dominion Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo observed the spectacle with mild amusement.

"At least they're keeping things interesting," he mused.

The Eternal Battlefields' Realms had become a place of ceaseless conflict, a testament to both the monarchs' indomitable spirit and Sung Jin-Woo's unmatched dominance.

And so, the seven former monarchs, once feared and revered, found themselves trapped in an eternal cycle of war-forever clashing, forever reborn, and forever unable to escape the grasp of the True Absolute One.